



PUNCH

VOL CXII

SWAIN SC

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"OVER!" cried Mr. PUNCH, removing his sailor cap and mopping his manly brow, moist with sea-spray, and the perspiration produced by many Jubilee toasts and much loyal shouting.

"Fancy you're playing umpire at a new game of naval cricket?" queried NEPTUNE, with a nautical wink.

"Nay, NEP," answered the smiling Sage. "I'm universal umpire at all known games, from croquet to the kriegspiel. But cricket on your green sea-fields, old tarry-breeks, has got to be invented. I merely meant that the great Naval Review of June, 1897, is 'over.'"

"Humph!" muttered NEPTUNE. "Your Armstrongs—aptest of names!—might provide excellent ball-practice for an Eleven of Titans, captained by a HYPERION-GRACE, with an OCEANUS-RICHARDSON for chief trundler."

"That *would* be a novel Titanomachia, mustered to make a British Bank Holiday!" responded Mr. PUNCH. "But the one we have seen to-day, though *our* armour-clad Titans have only been like Leviathans *at play*, or Cyclops in rehearsal, hath been splendid, pregnant with immense possibilities, and calculated to astonish the Hecatoncheires themselves."

"Verily," said NEPTUNE, "the hundred-handed warders of the vanquished Titans never witnessed such wonders as the Diamond Jubilee Naval Review, of which *we* have just been sympathetic and admiring spectators. My own favourite modern Titanide, BRITANNIA, has bettered her instructions, and beaten her ancient prototypes, THIA, THEMIS, and TETHYS, hollow."

"Ah, here *is* the greatest of the modern Uranidæ!" said Mr. PUNCH, warned by the barking of that genuine sea-dog, TOBIAS, of the approach of BRITANNIA herself, in her strong, deftly-fashioned steel armour, but unhelmed for coolness' sake and ease, like *Britomart* after battle. Mr. PUNCH pertinently quoted the patriot-poet, SPENSER:—

"Like as Bellona (being late returned
From slaughter of the giants conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nostrils burned
With breathed flames like to a furnace redd,
Transfixed with her spear downe tumbled dedd
From top of Hemus by him heaped hye;)
Hath loosed her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victorie."

"Thanks, Mr. PUNCH, for the complimentary and poetic comparison!" said the war-maid and day-weary nymph, taking her seat at NEPTUNE's side. "Have you, from your inexhaustible store, no apt extract for Father NEP himself?"

Mr. PUNCH, the omniscient, responded promptly :—

"Next unto her was Neptune pictured
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoaried head
Drooped with brackish dew; his threeforkt pyke
He stearnly shook.
That his swift chariot might have passage wyde,

Which foure great hippodames did draw in teem-wise tyde,
His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame.

For privy love his brest emperced had.
Ne ought but deare BRITANNIA now could make him glad."

The brown-faced, brine-soaked sailor-god laughed loud and long, and BRITANNIA blushed smilingly, or smiled blushing, whichever way it may be put. "By the blue-green eyes of Amphitrite," he cried, "BRITANNIA has 'made him glad' this day, as he has not often been since that day of days at Trafalgar."

"A mere playful parade of my naval power in honour of dear VICTORIA's sixty years of benignant sway, O salt-bearded Sire of mine," replied BRITANNIA, with a curious double-edged smile.

"Titans who can 'play' like *that*, my shrewd daughter, will give a good account of their steel thews and thunder-throated missiles, when the time for serious tussle comes," said NEPTUNE, grimly.

"I trust so," responded BRITANNIA, looking with pensive pride out seaward, where her miles of ranked and ranged warships were yet visible. "But, TOBY, I am athirst!"

TOBIAS, rigged for the great occasion in natty nautical gear, handed round the hospitable Sage's Jubilee jorum, wherein Father NEPTUNE's bearded lip and BRITANNIA's sweet firm mouth were alike ready to dip.

"A toast! a toast!" cried Mr. PUNCH, lifting high his brimming beaker.

"Here's to VICTORIA, honoured and dear!
Many happy returns of this Jubilee Year!
Here's to BRITANNIA, the gentle and brave,
And long may her banner float free o'er the wave!
Here's to old NEPTUNE, and long may he smile
On the daughter he loves, and his favourite Isle!

And here's to OUR FLEET, in this Diamond Year,
And the brave lads who man it and never know fear!
Hearts of oak are they still, though their ships are of iron.
Whilst such ships and sea-dogs our white cliffs environ,
Our QUEEN is at rest, and our homes are at ease!
Hooray! Let this Toast, lads, sound loud o'er the seas!!"

"Capital!" cried NEPTUNE. "But I'll venture to add just one couplet;—

"VICTORIA, BRITANNIA, old NEPTUNE! Brave bunch!
But, to make all things square, add sage-patriot PUNCH!!"

"Hear! hear!" cried BRITANNIA. "Bow-wow!" yapped TOBY.

"Thanks!" responded PUNCH, feelingly, looking like Erin, "with a smile on his lip and a tear in his eye." "In return let me present you with BRITANNIA's Beacon, the Patriot's Pilot, Queen VICTORIA's most valued *Vade Mecum*, the true British Mariner's Compass, and Father NEPTUNE's Friend and Fun-provider. TOBY, hand 'em my

One Hundred and Twelfth Volume!"



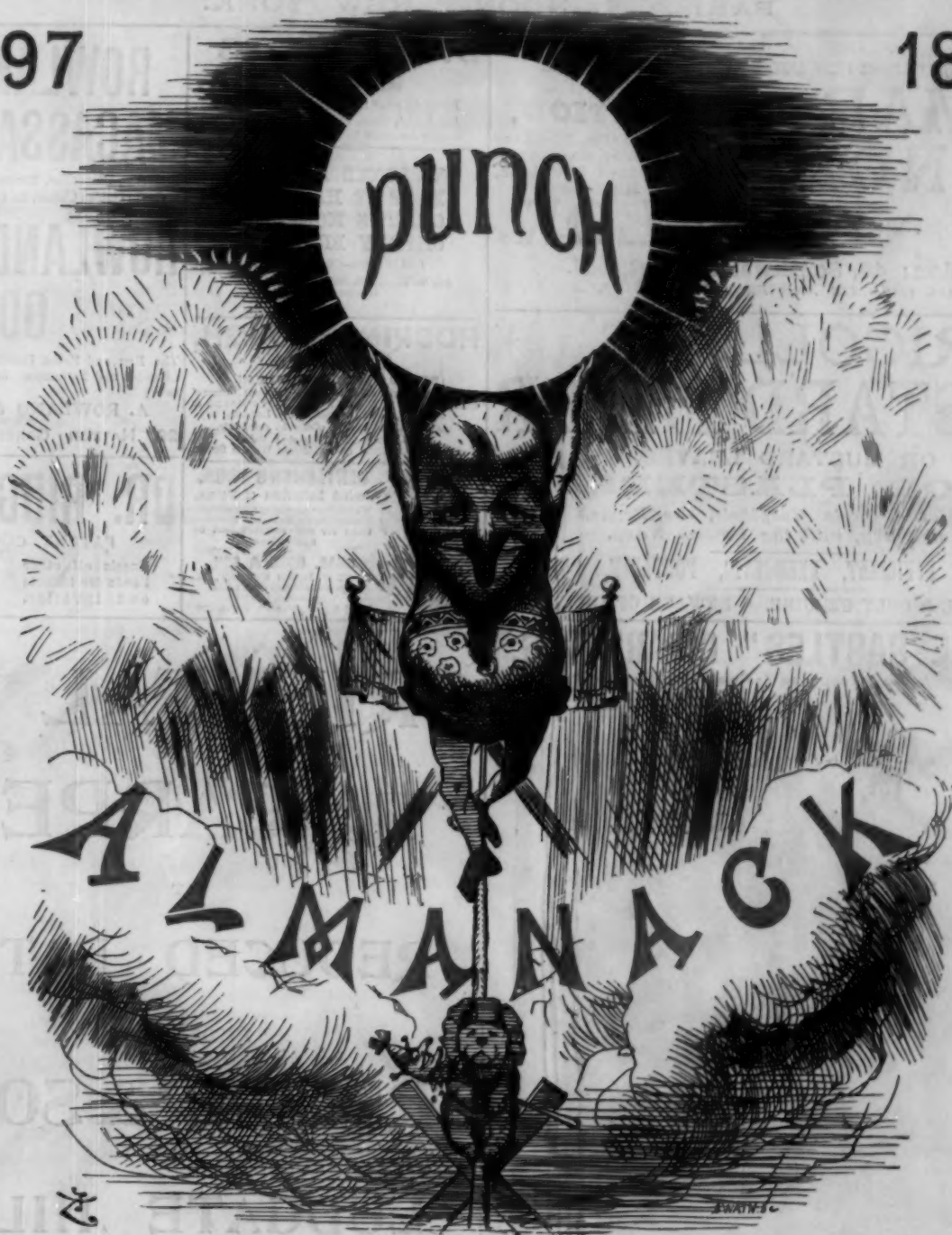
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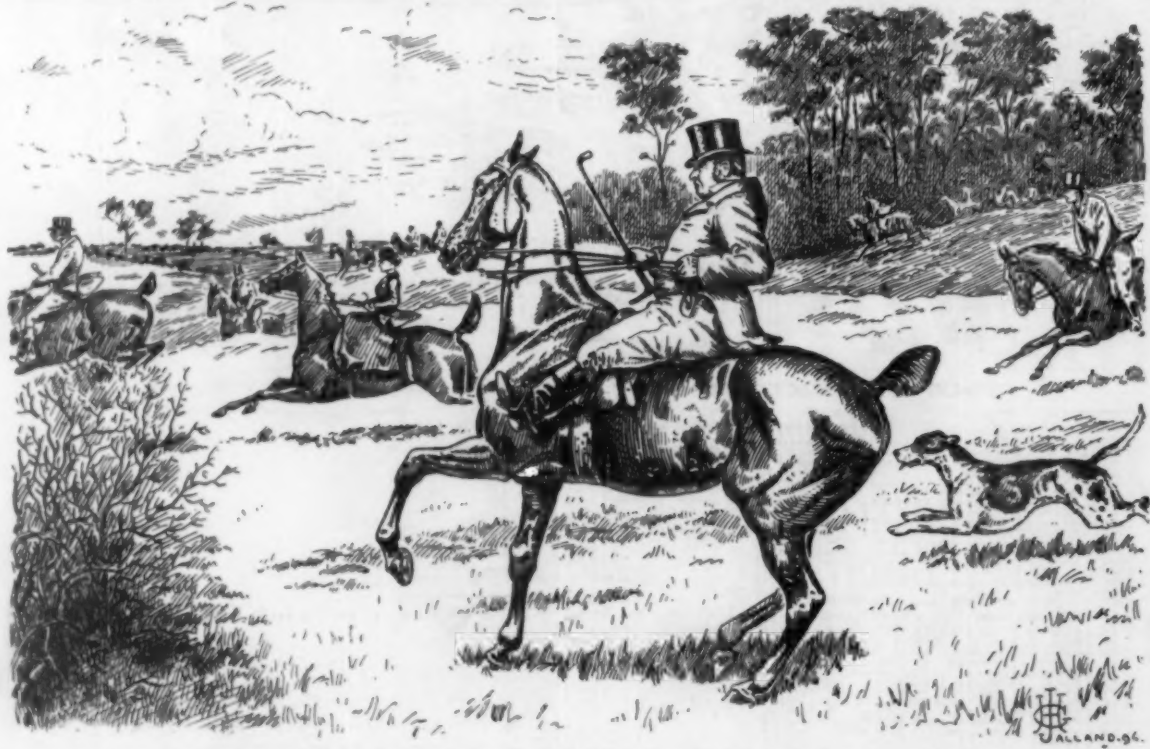


FIELD TRAINING NOTES. (Aldershot.)

General (to Irish Recruit). "CAN YOU TELL ME HOW MANY SPECIES OF PACK ANIMALS THERE ARE?" (No answer.)

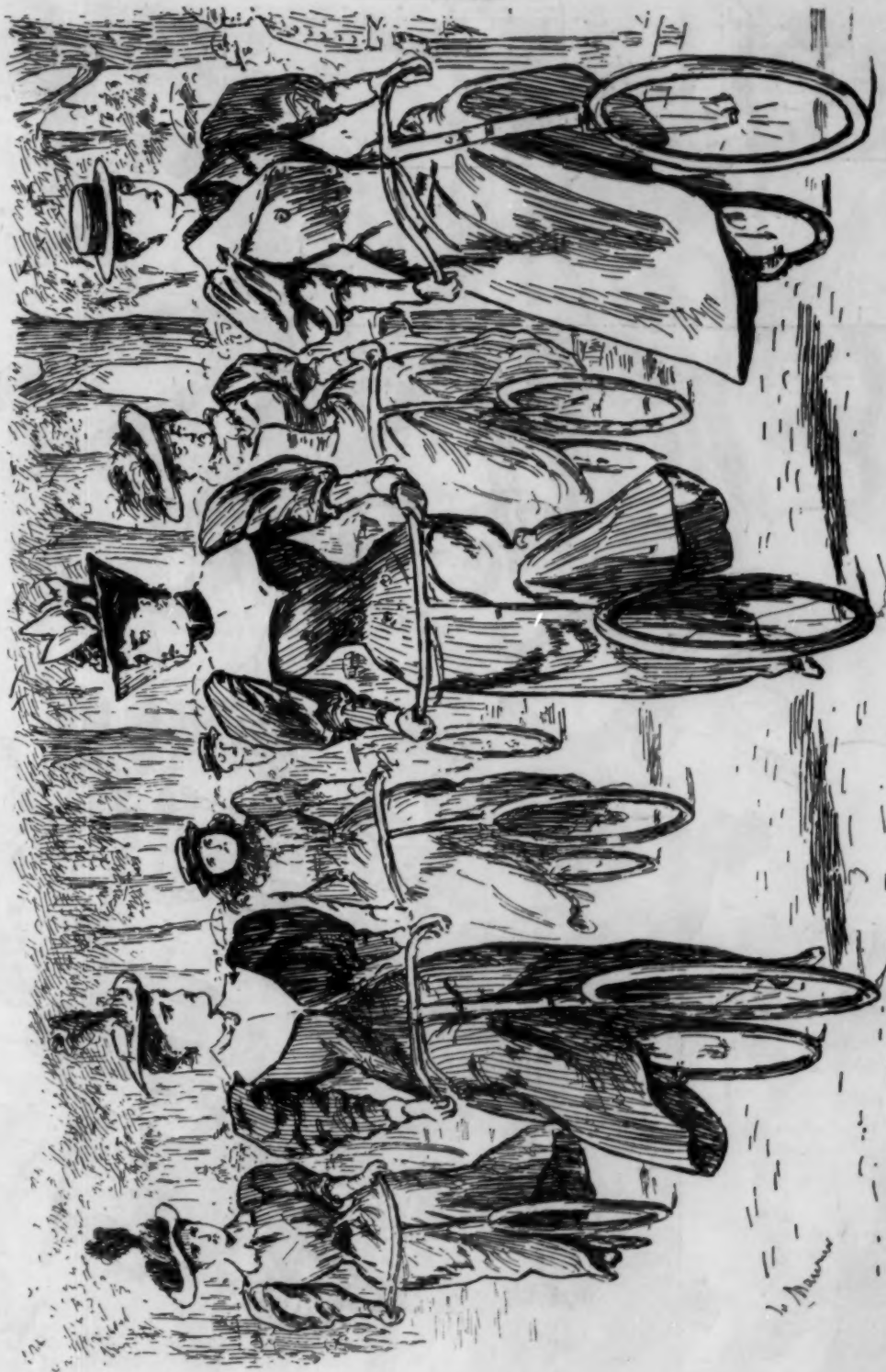
General. "WELL, DO YOU KNOW ANY KIND OF PACK ANIMAL?"

Recruit (inspired by recollection of many days' pack-drill). "YES, SORR. A DEFAULTER, SORR!"



(Hounds just gone away. Gent gallops up furiously at first fence, but pulls up suddenly on reaching it.)

Gent. "STEADY! WHOA, MY BOY! LOOK HERE. YOU'RE NOT MINE, YOU KNOW, AND I'M HANGED IF I ALLOW YOU TO RISK YOURSELF!"

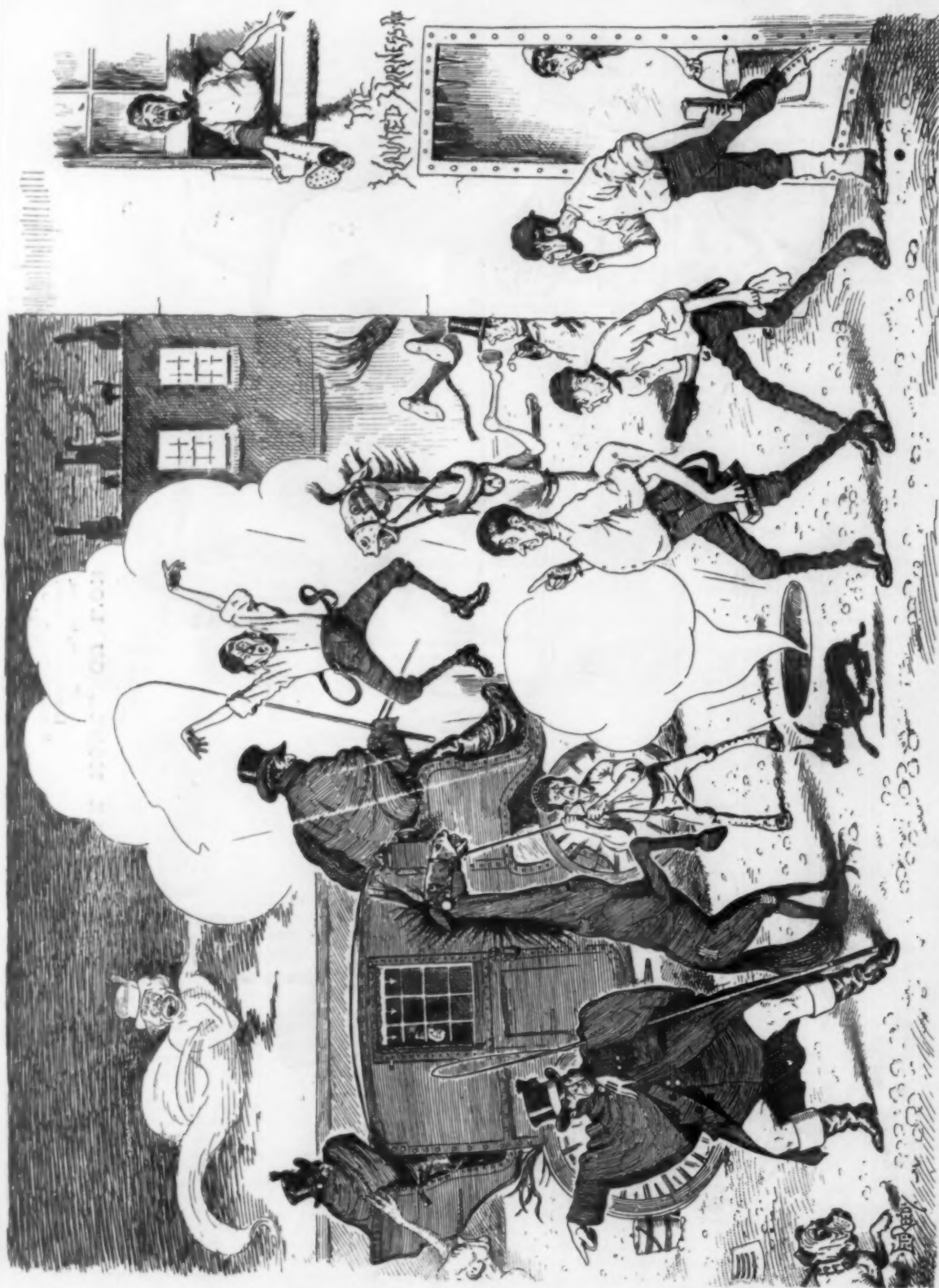


LE MONDE OU L'ON S'AMUSE.

Toujours, toujours,
La nuit comme le jour :
Et youp, youp, youp, tra la la la,
La la la!

But. "I HOPE BICYCLING WILL GO OUT OF FASHION BEFORE NEXT SEASON, I DO HATE BICYCLING SO!"

Maud. "SO DO I! BUT ONE MORE, YOU KNOW!"



SCENES FROM MR. PUNCH'S PANTOMIME.—Scene I.: The Tragic Mews.

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY
WAYS AND NEW.LETTER I.—*Congratulations.*

MY DEAR CHARLES EDWARD.—I received your telegraphic despatch informing me of your success at the poll. I confess I could have lived through the added hours if you had been content to use the letter-post as the medium of conveying the intelligence. There is an abruptness about telegraph messages—not to mention their charge of two shillings for delivery at the Grange—that is annoying.

I never have used this new-fangled thing myself, and never shall, any more than I use envelopes. In your dear grandfather's time we wrote on a sheet of letter-paper, and when we had covered three sides we folded it over and used the fourth for the address. What was good for your grandfather is good enough for me, and I wish it were so for even younger people.

But I suppose I must congratulate you on becoming one of the Members for the borough of Greatmart. It is, I understand, still reckoned to be an honour to belong to the House of Commons, though from all I hear it is a very different place in all ways from that in which your grandfather sat for twenty-eight years. It is a remarkable coincidence, conveying a lesson which, to my mind, has not been sufficiently inculcated, that when in the autumn of 1832 the first so-called Reformed Parliament met, your grandfather and the constituency he represented for more than a quarter of a century were both effaced. Two years later, the old House of Commons, in which Pitt and Fox and your grandfather had sat, was destroyed by fire!

Now I understand you have got what is called a Palace, containing a thousand rooms, a hundred staircases, and two miles of corridors. All I can say, my dear nephew, is, don't lose your way or your head in them. Yours affectionately,

TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.

*The Grange, Easthope, Kent.*A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN
UP-TO-DATE DOG.

DREADFUL dream this morning! Thought I was sitting at a cold, draughty street corner, with nothing on but a leather collar, and a tin mug in my mouth, collecting coppers for a common, vulgar blind person. Most degrading! Intensely relieved, on waking, to find myself in my own comfortable padded basket. Had kicked the quilt off, and somehow managed to wriggle out of my nightgown. Talking of my nightgowns, whoever embroidered my monogram on them might have done it in two colours instead of only one. So much more chic.

After breakfast, to Toilet Club with Robert. Curling-tongs not warm enough. Obligated to complain sharply of carelessness of new assistant, who snipped nearly half the tuft off one of my haunches! Sprayed with a new scent, which, personally, I don't care about. Dog shaved just before me wearing rather a smart overcoat, trimmed with fur, and having side-pockets for handkerchief, brush, &c. Asked him who his tailor was. Said he forgot the name—only fellow in town who really knew how to cut an overcoat. Just like my Old Woman, not to have heard of him! Catch her standing me a fur overcoat! Some dogs have all the luck!

Looked in at jeweller's on way home.



"POOR LITTLE DOGGIE—HASN'T GOT ANY FEVVERS ON!"

Bangle done, at last. Not bad; looks rather well on left front paw, though I don't see why I shouldn't have one on each leg while I'm about it. At all events, she might have made it gold! However, I suppose a silver bracelet is considered good enough for me.

Tried on tan shoes at bootmaker's. Well enough for country wear, but hardly the thing for town. Mr. Ferdie Frivell's principal poodle told me himself that he wouldn't be seen in Piccadilly in anything but patent leathers. And, though Zulu may be rather an ass in some ways, I will say this for him—there aren't many poodles as well turned out, or who can tell you what's right and what isn't right (if you know what I mean) better than old Zulu can. Brown shoes to walk about town with. That's just one of those distinctions women don't seem able to grasp!

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.—Unreceipted bills still very much worn on the hall table. About the middle of the month, articles of the same material come in, but with fresh trimmings in red ink. Demands for rates are also to be seen in the most fashionable quarters. New year de-

scriptions of alterations in address (intended for books of reference) begin to go out. Unbecoming weather for persons with less than a thousand a year, and minus encumbrances.

HISTORY CORRECTED.—On the 21st and 30th of January, Kings Louis the Sixteenth of France and Charles the First of England are said to have lost their heads. Not at all. They both had their wits sufficiently about them at these dates for one of them to leave Paris by the Place de la Concorde, and the other to take an early chop at Whitehall.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.—Valentines now only seen in the servants' hall. Cycles re-appear in the parks at Battersea and Knightsbridge. Beginners wear attendants' arms round the waist as a support. Expression of pained determination quite as prevalent as during the run of last season. Sprains still occasionally seen in the wrist and ankle. Treacherous weather for those who leave their bikes on one side of the river and catch a chill on their walks back to their homes on the other.

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER II.—*A Little Cheque.*

DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,—I intended in my last letter to send the enclosed little cheque, as I daresay the expenses of the election have drawn upon your purse. This will serve as a sort of postscript to my former letter, and perhaps you won't object to its wording.

I hope its receipt will not involve you in any awkwardness about bribery and corruption. But we never know where we are in these days. We have been reformed

who was present, by command, at the wedding of Queen Anne. I like it because it's the only business-place in London a woman can enter without running the risk of being served by a man wearing whiskers, mustachios, or both. Even the policeman at the door is closely shaven.

That reminds me of the House of Commons when your grandfather sat in it. Not that I ever looked on the scene myself, counting considerably fewer years than some persons are good enough to assign to your aunt. But your grandmother has told me about it. Indeed, I have a picture of the House of Commons as it was just seventy-five years ago. You

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.—Early cuts in the Row begin to appear. General revision of last year's visiting list very popular. Seaside acquaintances of the past autumn now entirely discarded. Hearts upon the sleeve no longer worn. Thoughts of young people of both sexes lightly turn to possible matrimony—at six months' date. Weather becomes trying to the impecunious.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (*loosed from durance vile*).—Q. Why are the watering-places of Great Britain intensely aristocratic? A. Because they can't do without piers.



EFFECT OF ENGLISH LIFE ON LI HUNG CHANG.

His Return to China. (By Our Chinese Artist.)

out of all comfort and consolation. It was different in your dear grandfather's time. There were seventeen electors forming the constituency of Old Sarum. Your grandfather reckoned they cost him at every election, in round figures, a hundred guineas apiece. But that was the beginning and end of it. You paid your money and you took your seat. Now, I believe, you really are not allowed to spend more than a fixed sum on a Parliamentary election.

There's a pretty pass to which free-born Englishmen have been brought!

You will observe that my cheque is drawn on Coutts'. Your grandfather banked there, and so did his grandfather,

see row upon row of country gentlemen, with black stocks, high collars to their coats, short waistcoats, coats cut away a little above their hips, and their continuations the reverse of baggy. All well-bred gentlemen, you can see. Not a lawyer, an Irish Member, or a whistler among them.

Now I am told, that with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. James Lowther, the old fashion has given place to whiskers and mustachios, which, if not actually made in Germany, are at least a fashion imported from foreign parts.

Your affectionate, but disgusted aunt,
TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.
The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.—Easter trips to Paris become the mode. Later, hats and bonnets worn à la *Grands Magasins du Louvre*. Gloves à la *Bon Marché*. English much spoken on the Boulevards. Towards the close of the month dinners served up with frequent references to experiences on the continent. Husband's promenades in Parisian shopland personally conducted by the wife. Weather during the four weeks of considerable moment to proper crossing of the Channel.

BAD JOKE FOR JANUARY.—Presentation of Christmas bills.

BAD JOKE FOR FEBRUARY.—The opening of Parliament.

GOLD MEDAL,
Health Exhibition,
London.

"Benger's Food
has by its excellence
established a reputa-
tion of its own."

Brit. Med. Journal.



"Retained
when all other
foods are re-
jected. It is in-
valuable."

*London Medical
Record.*

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by all Chemists, etc., everywhere.

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A genuine revival of the excellent old-fashioned (Linen) Bleached Linens of the past generation, which lasted a lifetime. Renowned all over the world for superiority of manufacture, exquisite finish and durability.

"Old Bleach" Huckaback, Diaper & Damask Towels, Fringed & Hem-stitched Towels, Huckaback & Fancy Towellings, Bird's Eye & Nursery Diaper, Pillow Linen, Embroidery Linen, Glass Cloths, Tea Cloths, &c.

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SPECIALITY: "Old Bleach" Linens specially made for drawn thread work, soft silky finish, WITHOUT STARCH, so that thread can be drawn with ease.

See that the Registered Trade Mark "Old Bleach" is stamped on every Towel and on every yard of piece goods as a guarantee that they are the genuine manufacture of the "Old Bleach" Linen Co., Manufacturers and Bleachers, Randalstown, Ireland.

C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S Circular-Pointed Pens.



These series of Pens write as smoothly as a Lead Pencil, and neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a new process.
Assorted Sample Box for 7 Stamps to the Works, Birmingham.



Is the Finest Tonic in the World.

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NORWICH AND LONDON.

A 2s. 6d. bottle sent post free on receipt of 33 stamps.

Guaranteed Perfectly Hollow Ground

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GUARANTEED PERFECT



Ivory, Thomas Turner & Co. make Black, their own steel. 6/-

Send for Free List of Cases. 4/-

From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers,

T. TURNER & CO.,
Suffolk Works, SHEFFIELD,

Who will supply through nearest Agent.

Ask for "Excore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

£20 TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Send 3d. for Illd. Guide (259 pages). "How to open a Cigar Store, £20 to £2000." TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO., 186, Euston Road, London. N.B.—Shopfitters for all Trades. Manager, HENRY MYERS. Estab. 1866.



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Saloon for
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Lady
Attendant.

It only requires a little practice on the
NEW RITTER ROAD SKATE to enable
anyone who has never had on a pair of
skates to attain proficiency, and be able
to skate on the roads at any speed up to
16 miles an hour.

Can be seen and tried at the
ROAD SKATE Co.'s Show Rooms
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Needham's ESTD. 1824. Polishing Paste

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Metal, Platinoid, &c.

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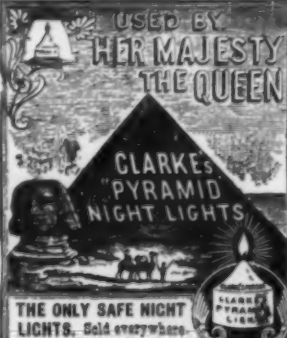
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SIX GOLD MEDALS.



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HER MAJESTY
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NEVER REQUIRES
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Medical Annual.

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OVER 200 GOLD MEDALS and DIPLOMAS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.
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MALT VINEGAR,
JAMS, SOUPS,
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POTTED MEATS,

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throughout the World.*

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Hovis Bread

FOR INFANTS.

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INVALIDS.

Samples post free from

Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E.



SO FAR, NO FARTHER.

EXTRAORDINARY POSITION ASSUMED BY MR. SNOODLE ON THE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED REFUSAL OF HIS HORSE.

THE PENDULUM OF TASTE.

(Extract from a London Daily Paper, 1996.)

An event which has been anticipated with considerable interest by connoisseurs took place on Friday and Saturday last, when the celebrated collection of Early Victorian decorative furniture and objects of art belonging to the late Mr. Eylie Culchard was disposed of by public auction in the historic rooms of Messrs. Hammer and Rostrum.

The bidding was spirited throughout the proceedings, and some of the more important and interesting lots obtained sensational prices.

Amongst them the following may be singled out for special mention.

A group of fruit, realistically modelled and coloured by hand, in wax, and in perfect preservation, under cylindrical glass shade of period, was knocked down to Mr. Kernoose, of Old Bond Street, for two hundred guineas; a similar group, in which an orange, or peach, was slightly damaged, going for one hundred and fifty pounds only.

A gasolier, in simili-bronze, warranted a genuine antique, fetched sixty guineas, its richly moulded design and decorative effect causing many present to wonder why our latter-day craftsmen do not show a greater

tendency to return to the elegant floridity of middle-nineteenth-century work.

A set of six coloured lithographs, chiefly scriptural, and supposed to be of German origin, were secured by Sir Thomas Tebbord, the recently-elected President of the Royal Academy, for the very moderate sum of twenty guineas apiece. We understand that Sir Thomas intends to present these prints, which are probably unique, to the Tate Collection.

A tea-cosy (the padded and quilted head-dress worn by well-to-do matrons when engaged in drinking the then national beverage) fetched £26 10s. This article is beautifully embroidered with holly-berries in the delicate "crewel-work" which is now, unhappily, a lost art.

An ornamental pendant, composed of coloured glass beads, and said (though perhaps erroneously) to have been intended for the convenience and occupation of flies, was bought for seventeen guineas (Mr. Kernoose).

Another curio, which was the subject of brisk competition, was a convex ornament in solid glass, enclosing an enamelled view of the old pier at Worthing. This article, the only known fellow to which contains a representation of the beach at Tenby, and is now in the South Kensington Museum, was eventually secured, amidst

breathless excitement, by Mr. Finucane, for the sum of two hundred and eighty guineas.

A kneeling statuette, in alabaster, believed to represent the infant Samuel, fell to Lord Boomperek of Koffyfontein, for two thousand pounds. On the last occasion on which it was put up for sale, it realised no more than five hundred and seventy guineas—a remarkable proof of the revival of public interest in Early Victorian sculpture, which has long suffered from an unaccountable want of appreciation.

A magnificent suite of genuine mahogany chairs and sofa, upholstered in real horsehair—which, owing to the total extinction of these interesting animals, is now an unprocurable commodity—was bought by Mr. Cibber-Wright for fifteen hundred guineas; not an excessive price when we consider the modern rage for examples of perhaps the chastest and most classic period of British domestic furniture.

A very beautiful Kidderminster carpet, with a striking design of large nose-gays on a ground of green moss, which, as Mr. Rostrum observed, no one but the crassest Vandal would dream of placing anywhere but upon the wall of his reception-room, fetched a thousand pounds, and a harmonium (a kind of musical instrument), in walnut wood, with the pedals covered with genuine old Brussels carpet, went for three hundred only.

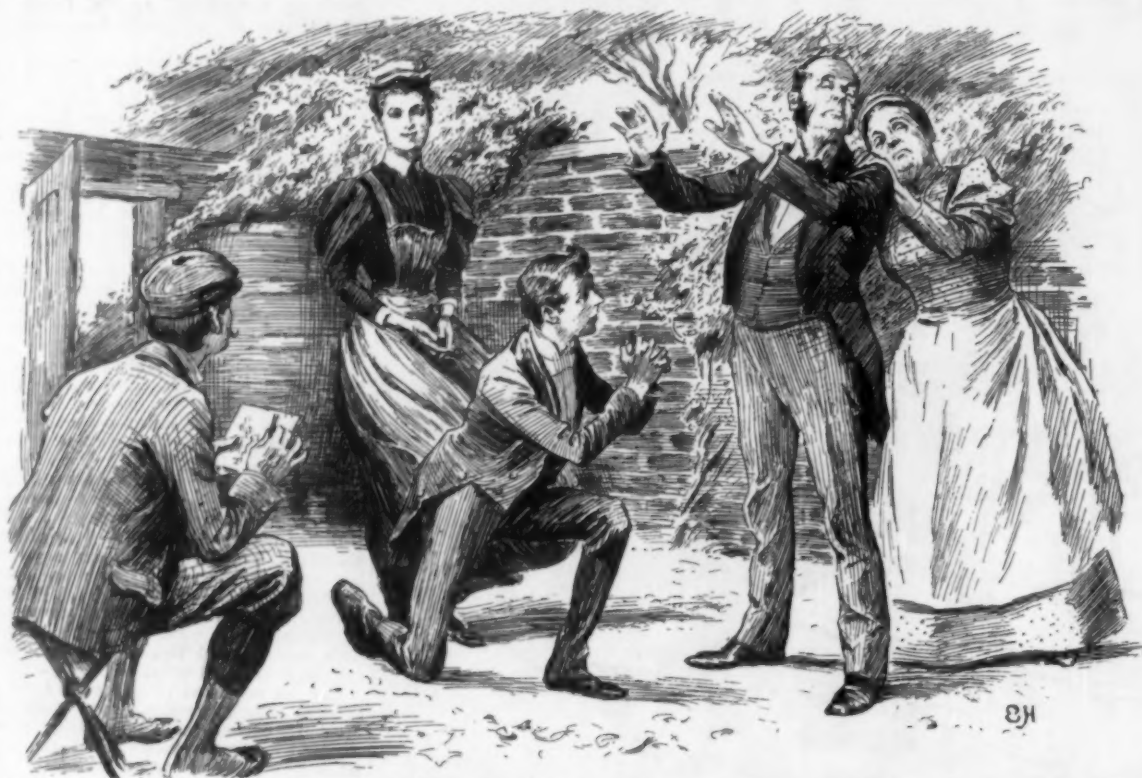
One lot consisted of a complete set of antique "antimaccasars," in wool and crochet, curious and interesting relics, as Mr. Rostrum remarked, of the days when it was by no means uncommon for members of the male sex to be provided with a natural head-covering.

Much amusement was afforded when an authentic specimen of a Victorian "tall, or chimney-pot hat" was put up for sale. It is stated to have been the property of a well-known contemporary demagogue, and to have been habitually worn by him in Hyde Park, though we must confess it seems well-nigh incredible that even the most desperate seeker after notoriety could have descended to such a means of drawing attention to himself.

A CYNIC'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHEN we hang the house with h-Till it looks as melanch-As a German forest, kn-Gloomy, gnome-haunted, and tr-Damp and dark as an old br-When we over-gorge us wh-Pa and Ma and Jack and P-Old Aunt Nelly, Uncle N-When girls dress up smart and d-Boys play clowns and niggers-G-Howl out carols most car-When poor jests are in full v-Rampant every kind of f-Then 'tis Christmas, miscalled J-olly!

FASHIONS FOR MAY.—Presentations at Court in great demand. Bouquets going out with dowagers otherwise occupied with their trains, and coming in with debutantes anxious for a favourable first appearance. Husbands à la gauche in Victorias in the park. Pictures of new people placed high at Burlington House. Portraits of wealthy somebodies and nobodies by R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s hung on the line. Weather suitable to water-coloured silks and satins at garden fêtes and other al fresco entertainments.



DISTINGUISHED ARTIST, STAYING IN CONFIRMED BACHELOR'S COUNTRY HOUSE, BEING HARD UP FOR MODELS FOR HIS PROJECTED WORK OF "THE DISCARDED SON" GETS HIS HOST'S DOMESTICS TO STAND FOR HIM.

THERE WAS A NEW WOMAN.

(Neo-Nursery Rhyme.)

THERE was a New Woman, as I've heard tell,
And she rode a bike with a horrible bell,
She rode a bike in a masculine way,
And she had a spill on the Queen's highway.
While she lay stunned, up came Doctor Stout,
And he cast a petticoat her "knickers" about,
To hide the striped horrors which bagged at the knees.
When the New Woman woke, she felt strange and ill at ease;
She began to wonder those skirts for to spy,
And cried, "Oh, goodness gracious! I'm sure this isn't I!"
But if it is I, as I hope it be,
I knew a little vulgar boy, and he knows me;
And if it is I, he will jeer and rail,
But if it isn't I, why, to notice me he'll fail."
So off scorched the New Woman, all in the dark,
But as the little vulgar boy her knickers failed to mark,
He was quite polite, and she began to cry,
"Oh! Jimmy doesn't cheek me, so I'm sure this isn't I!"

NOTE BY "DARBY JONES."—At Christmas the "straight tip" is always given to the conveyors of Her Majesty's Mails, to the removers of dust, and occasionally to the harmless, necessary constable.



HERE IS THE PORTRAIT OF CONFIRMED BACHELOR HOST, ACCUSTOMED TO BE WAITED UPON IMMEDIATELY HE RINGS THE BELL.

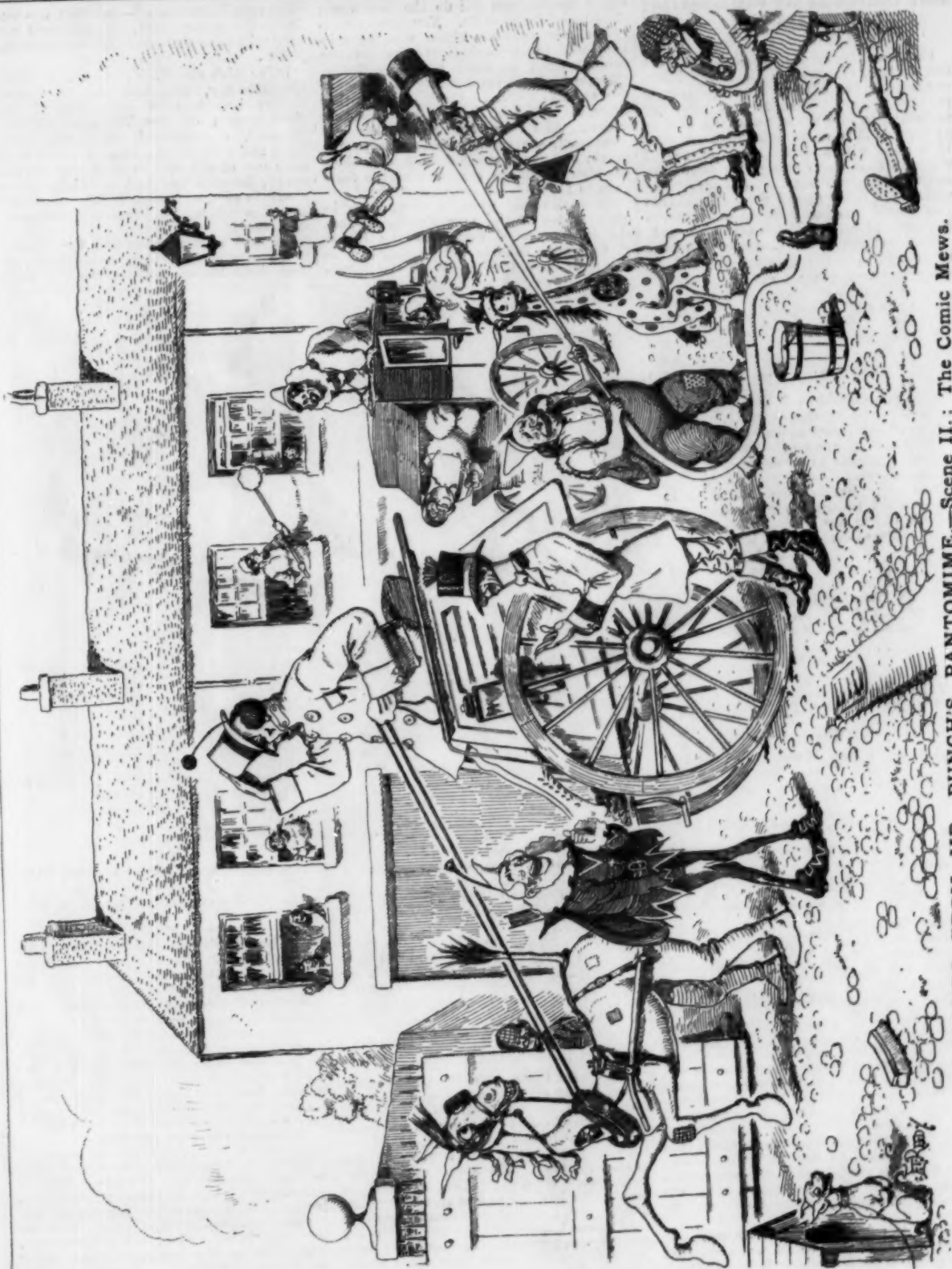
A BRIGHT LOOK-OUT.

(By a worried Century-ender.)

THE "so-called Nineteenth Century"
Is drawing to a close;
Right soon the Twentieth we shall see!
What *will* become of those
Who live upon one well-worn phrase,
The "*Fin-de-Siècle*" lot,
The victims of erotic craze,
And pessimistic rot?
The sniff, the sneer, the stale small-beer,
Must soon be "out-of-date."
The young New Age may bring good cheer,—
Oh, most appalling fate!
If health and hope mar phrase and trope
Of cynic hedonist,
For his poor scrag a silken rope
The goose must surely twist.
For what fit theme for opiate dream,
Blue devils, scarlet sins,
When at one Century's extreme,
Another one—*begins*?
Pet phrases then, wherewith his pen
Is fertile, will not fit;
Anachronism, scorned of men,
Must mar his morbid wit.
Oh! dire look-out, when chronic doubt,
And sceptic zest for sinning,
Which fit an "End" are turned about
In face of a Beginning!
But oh! the joy of honest hearts,
Wearyed of sin and sludge,
When, with the Opening Age, departs
The *Fin-de-Siècle* fudge!

BAD JOKE FOR MARCH.—"Mad heir." Quarter day.

BAD JOKE FOR APRIL.—Ratepayers All Fools' Day.



SCENES FROM MR. PUNCH'S PANTOMIME.—Scene II.: The Comic Mews.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1897.

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER III.—On the Terrace.

CHARLES EDWARD.—I declare, if it were not too late, as it probably is, I would stop payment of the cheque I weakly sent in my last letter. What do you mean by promising to take me to tea on the Terrace as soon as it is warm enough to sit out? If I were within arm's reach of you, I would make it warm enough for you, quite apart from conditions of ordinary temperature. What have I done or said that you should imagine I would show myself in such a place, amid such surroundings?

This invasion of the House of Commons by women, these frivolous five-o'clock teas,

out a candle, and fell on the clerk's wig at the end of the table. Your dear grandfather, not knowing whose was the mishap, was so sardonically severe on the subject when he came home to dinner, (Members dined comfortably at home in those days,) that your grandmother thought she had better not mention names. As far as your grandfather was concerned, she carried her secret to the grave, but never saw her fan again, which she always believes the clerk at the table gave to his wife—or someone else's.

Thus you will perceive how, even in early stages of the now riotous fashion, the attendance of women at the House of Commons debates led to duplicity in the most sacred relations of the house-

"Diddy-iddy-duckums"—but that was entirely beside the point, and she need not have spilt some coffee on my best morning jacket.

Drive with the O. W. Called on Lady Ida Downey, who was not at home. Robert was told to leave one of my visiting-cards on her Japanese spaniel, *Mousmé*, a conceited, pampered little black and white beast, whom I have rather gone out of my way to snub. Much annoyed, because this sort of thing puts a poodle in such a thoroughly false position; but of course my Old Woman doesn't consider that!

Stopped at confectioner's, for sweets. It's a very curious thing, considering how long she's known me, but the Old Lady



Mabel's three bosom Friends (all experts—who have run round to see the Christmas gift). "HULLO, MAB! WHY, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?"

Mab (in gasps). "OH—YOU SEE—IT WAS AWFULLY KIND OF THE PATER TO GIVE IT TO ME—BUT I HAVE TO LOOK AFTER IT MYSELF—AND I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BREATH ENOUGH TO BLOW THE TYRES OUT!"

mark the decadence of what your dear grandfather used to call the mother of Parliaments. Long before imperial legislation was degraded into the position of an accessory to a social function, my blood boiled at the complaints of women who go to the House of Commons to hear debates, and abuse the gallery for being "a cage." Why, in your dear grandfather's time there was no accommodation for women in any part of the House of Commons, it being in those times thought they were much better at home minding the business of the household. If curiosity was insistent, and their husbands temporarily weak, they were conducted to the ventilating chamber over the candelabra in the roof, where three or four of them might, with excessive discomfort peep down on the scene.

Your dear grandmother never went but once, and then she was so perturbed that she dropped her fan, which, falling through the aperture, narrowly escaped putting

held. So let me hear no more about the Terrace, if you would have me remain

Your affectionate aunt,
TAMTHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.

The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN UP-TO-DATE DOG.

Tête-à-tête lunch with the Old Woman. Wore my navy-blue lounge-coat, and carried bow in my top-knot. O. W. boring, as usual. Wouldn't let me have second helping of stewed chicken. Told Robert—in my presence—that I was "getting much too stout." So is she—but she had some more chicken! I do not wish to break with her unless I'm absolutely compelled, but I cannot live happily under a roof where I don't feel that my merits are properly appreciated. And really, to have personal remarks made upon one's figure, to a menial—! She thought she could make it up afterwards by calling me a

never can get it into her head that I infinitely prefer *fondants* to chocolate creams! Is this native stupidity on her part, or merely want of observation?

My fawn-coloured driving-coat, with braided facings, seems to attract a good deal of notice; it certainly does suit me. How so many dogs can bring themselves to go about as they do in a state of Nature I simply can't understand. If I was in their place, I should die of shame, I really believe. I should certainly catch a severe cold.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.—Opera à l'International at Covent Garden. Musical *mélange à la toutes les langues Européennes*, popular with numerous *artistes* of the highest continental reputation. Terrace teas for ladies, with M.P. accessories. Nights on the box fashionable, but trying to Society coachmen. Regimental dinners the regulation during Derby week. Hampers much worn on coaches.

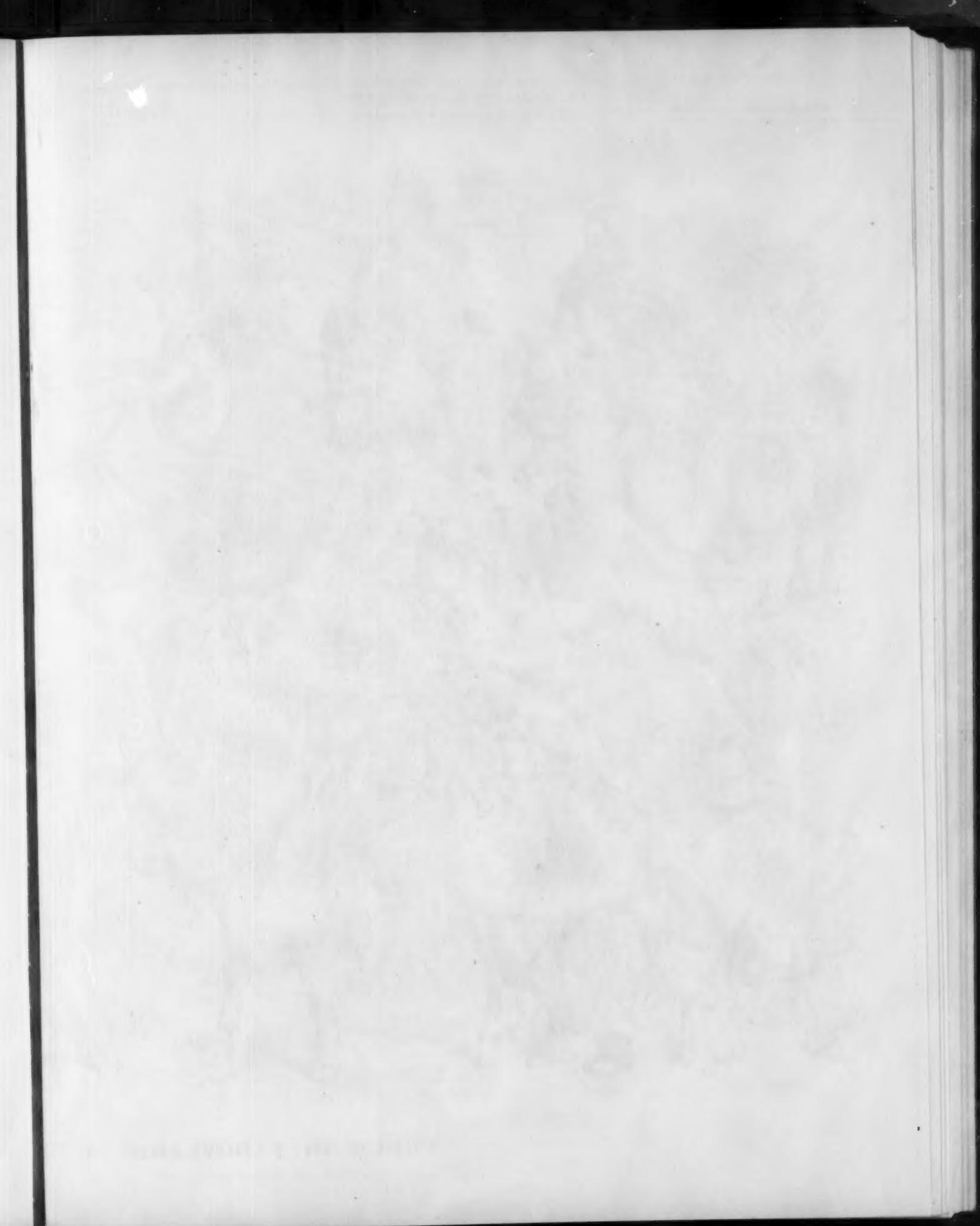


A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

Proud Parent (who has been introducing his son to some of England's gentlemen). "THERE, MY BOY, THIS WILL BE SOMETHING FOR YOU TO REMEMBER WHEN YOU ARE A MAN!"
Young Hopeful (rather disappointed). "ISN'T THERE A CONJURER AMONGST THEM!"



THE RIVALS.





PUNCH IN FANCYLAND. A CHR



CHRISTMAS PHANTASMAGORIUM!!



"HUSBANDS IN WAITING."



A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

Obstructive Lady (in reply to the Golfer's warning call). "THE WHOLE WORLD WASN'T MADE FOR GOLF, SIR." Youngster. "No; BUT THE LINKS WIZ. 'FORE!'"



AMATEUR TABLEAUX VIVANTS.—No. I.

MR. AND MRS. FUSSINGTON TOOTLES HAVE RECENTLY ORGANISED AND ARRANGED A SERIES OF DOMESTIC TABLEAUX VIVANTS FOR THE DELECTATION OF THEIR MANY FRIENDS. "NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE *Bellerophon*," AFTER THE WELL-KNOWN PICTURE BY MR. ORCHARDSON, R.A., WITH MR. TOOTLES AS THE CHIEF PART WAS VOTED A PERFECT TRIUMPH OF REALISM!

A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

[A mysterious meteorite is reported to have fallen lately, on one side of which are cabalistic characters supposed to constitute "A Message from Mars." Mr. Punch has deciphered it, and gives herewith a free translation and pictorial illustration.]

MANAGE things better here? We do, my boy!

We know how to exist and to enjoy;
Which you do not. Men call me god of war,
But there's no fighting in my blood-red star.

We do not waste our labour and our cash
On preparations for a general smash.
A soldier or a sword, war-ship or gun,
Do not exist, save pictured in pure fun
In our museums of antiquities.

Boys howling "latest news!"—mere
"liners'" lies—

Are superseded here by pretty girls,
Darlings in classic garb, with flowing curls,
Who proffer pleasing pennyworths, all
pith,

Perfumed and pictured. Any noise there-
with,

Or otherwise, in railway whistle shrill,
So-called "street-music," guaranteed to
kill

Peace at a thousand yards, harsh chapel-
bells,
Coster's coarse clamour, roysterer's rau-
cous yells,—

All are taboo. All such are set, with art,
To music by some Martian Mozart.

And though we have no savage breasts to
soothe,

The noise of German bands, or General
Booth,

Would rile our gentle bosoms, for row's
ravages

Would turn the mildest Martians into
savages.

Our streets are sweet and silent, cheerful,
clean,

Broad, brightly-lit, bordered with bosky
green.

Advertisements, ruled by a Board of Art,
Never sensational or coarsely smart,

Gladden the eye and train the general
taste

Unprudish, but aesthetically chaste.
Amusement is—amusing! Prig or prude

Finds not free humour coarse, or nature
rude.

Our recreation grounds—the crowd's re-
sort,

For clean amusement and for honest sport,

Free but unbrutal, eager and elate,
With aims above the wager and the
"gate"—

Are the State's special charge. Our sages
think

How to undemonize that Dagen, Drink;
So that a Martian may at ease recline,
Like a Greek guest heart-warmed by
generous wine,

Sober and graceful on his ale-house bench,
Safe from the frenzy of a poisoned drench.
For locomotion? Well, my *Punchius*,
Mars,

In spinning cycles and swift autocars,
Is far ahead of Terra. Wheels and wings
With us are ancient and familiar things.
At earthly travelling by road or rail,
All Martian vocabularies fail
To voice the Martian marvel!

As for dress,
Your trousers, your top hat! Gods! How
express

Our pity for your miseries? *Would a*
vote

Perpetuate your preposterous dress-coat?
Our dress flows to the figure, light, yet
warm.

And the divinity of the human form
Disguises not, as with you men, so that
you

Dare not invest a hero in a statue
With what he wore whilst living!

We don't choke
Our lungs with wasted fuel, miscalled
smoke,

Our old Smoke-Gnome proves worthy of
his hire,

Subdued and shackled wholly by King
Fire.

Our woman's natural, and, though young,
not new,

Winsome, well-dressed, and not a scraggy
shrew,

She dotes on Cupid, worships Hymen still,
Though healthy of physique and strong of
will.

In fact, in Mars, Venus is quite at home,
And welcomes bathing beauty to her foam
In freedom with decorum. Art with us
Is healthy, sweet, aspiring; fad and fuss,

Neurotic nastiness, and sordid grime
She drives from her, as things of dusk
and slime

Are banished by the dawn.

You, *Punchius* mine,
Are the Earth's male Aurora. Rise and
shine!

With a redoubled lustre sun your stars,
Helped on, it may be, by these mems from
Mars!

=====

FASHIONS FOR JULY.—Grand Jubilee
Celebration universally observed. Every-
thing à la reine immensely and justly in
favour. Uniform de rigueur and loyalty
worn in the heart. All the fashions of
1887 revived with increased success. The
population of London rises to six millions
of well-dressed enthusiasts. National de-
monstration garnished with the heartiest
applause imaginable. Weather "Queen's
brand," and consequently delightful.

=====

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.—Seaside in fa-
vour. Ocean appears with a thick fringe
of bathers. England, Scotland, Ireland,
and Wales served à l'Américaine. Anglo-
Saxon only spoken, with a British accent,
in France, Italy, Germany, and Switzer-
land. Tourist suits worn out on moun-
tains. Innkeepers appear in habits à la
brigand. Cycles disappear from Battersea
and Knightsbridge to decorate the roads
of Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and Hol-
land. Weather intolerable to toilers left
in town.



A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

A GLIMPSE BY OUR OWN ASTRONOMER OF THINGS BETTER MANAGED IN THAT PLANET.



THE FESTIVE SEASON IN ANCIENT EGYPT.
A LITTLE MARKETING IN THE NINEVEH NEW ROAD.



CHRISTMAS IN ANCIENT EGYPT.
A FEW FRIENDS AT MRS. MEMNON'S.



THE CHRISTMAS-BOX IN ANCIENT EGYPT.
IT WAS QUITE AN INSTITUTION THEN.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.—Stubble much worn. Retrievers and pointers both in fashion. Big bags added to leggings adopted by many prominent sportsmen. Hot luncheons garnished with country lanes to be found mid-day mostly in England. Nauseous waters mixed with Society scandals in favour at Hom-burg and other foreign health resorts. Harrogate and Bath largely patronised by both Henry and 'Arry. Weather a matter of slight moment to any one "doing the cure" anywhere.

BAD JOKE FOR MAY.—Backing the "wrong'un" for the Derby.

HISTORY CORRECTED.—The 1st of the fifth month is "May Day," but according to tradition, the 13th is the proper date for the holding of the festival. The *not* "that the controversy about the two May Days caused him amazement" is attributed erroneously to Oliver Cromwell. It was really the invention of Dr. Johnson. The pun encrusted in the saying is the solitary *jeu d'esprit* that has come down to us testifying to the wit that is believed to have been so marked a characteristic of the great lexicographer.

BAD JOKE FOR JUNE.—(Give no) Quarter day.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.—Long Vacation goes out of fashion in London. Silk and stuff gowns much *en evidence* at the Law Courts on the 25th and after. Wigs on the Green in Dublin and on the heads of Briefed and Briefless at Strand Palace of Justice. Company "ads" once more the fashion in the newspaper offices of Fleet Street. Weather in London not quite up to the standard fern of Italy and further South.

BAD JOKE FOR JULY.—Passing the Estimates.

BAD JOKE FOR AUGUST.—Shooting on the moors with a beginner.



L'ALLEGRO.



IL PUNCTUOSO.

THE MILTONIC CYCLIST.



"SEATED ONE DAY ON THE ORGAN, I WAS WEARY AND ILL AT EASE!"

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN UP-TO-DATE DOG.

In the evening, as it seems to-day is my birthday, I entertain a few intimate friends at tea. Not a very successful party, somehow. *Frisette* put her foot into my saucer, and wolfed up all the apricot sandwiches—which got on my nerves. *Goggles* and I had a little difference about the last macaroon. As his host, I suppose it would have been in better taste not to make my teeth meet in the curl of his tail; but no one knows how provoking a pug can be, till he's tried!

One stuck-up little terrier tried to show off by sitting up and nursing a rag doll between his forepaws, which was really more than I could stand!

The party broke up rather prematurely, in a general row, after which I discovered that my black satin dress-coat with the rose-coloured lining was torn all down the back. I shall never be able to wear it again!

To bed, heavy and depressed, feeling tired of life, and much troubled at night by biliousness, which is all the Old Lady's fault for not keeping a French cook. The sort of alops Mrs. Harricoe sends up are enough to ruin any dog's constitution!

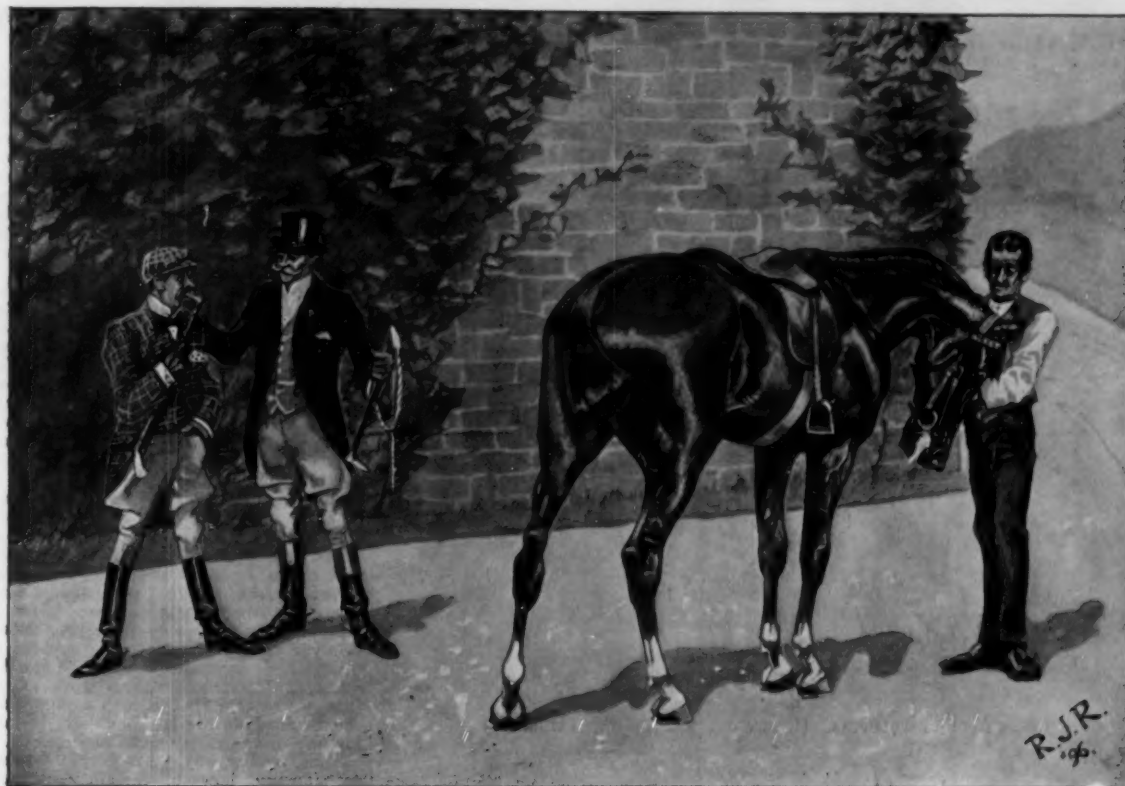
Ah well, some day—when they have lost me—they'll be sorry they didn't study me a little more!

BAD JOKE FOR SEPTEMBER.—Goose's Quarter day.



GRATITUDE.

Dismounted Swell (to kindhearted Sportsman). "PON MY WORD, I'M AWFULLY OBLIGED! BUT—I SAY, WILL YOU COME AND HELP ME LOOK FOR MY EYEGLASS?"



Host (to Perks, an indifferent horseman, who has come down for the hunting). "NOW, LOOK HERE, PERKS: OLD CHAP, AS YOU'RE A LIGHT WEIGHT, I'LL GET YOU TO RIDE THIS YOUNG MARE OF MINE. YOU SEE, I WANT TO GET HER QUALIFIED FOR OUR HUNT CUP, AND SHE'S NOT UP TO MY WEIGHT, OR I'D RIDE HER MYSELF. PERHAPS I'D BETTER TELL YOU SHE HASN'T BEEN RIDDEN TO HOUNDS BEFORE, SO SHE'S SURE TO BE A BIT NERVOUS AT FIRST; AND MIND YOU STEADY HER AT THE JUMPS, AS SHE'S APT TO RUSH THEM; AND I WOULDN'T TAKE HER TOO NEAR OTHER PEOPLE, AS SHE HAS A NASTY TEMPER, AND KNOWS HOW TO USE HER HEELS; AND, WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T LET HER GET YOU DOWN, OR SHE'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES. THE LAST MAN THAT RODE HER IS IN HOSPITAL NOW. BUT KEEP YOUR EYE ON HER, AND REMEMBER WHAT I'VE SAID, AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!" [Consternation of Perks.]

A WISH.

(By a Wild Wheelman. A long way after Rogers.)

MINE be a "scorch" without a spill,
A loud "bike" bell to please mine ear;
A chance to maim, if not to kill,
Pedestrian parties pottering near.

My holloa, e'er my prey I catch,
Shall raise wild terror in each breast;
If luck or skill that prey shall snatch
From my wild wheel, the shock will test.

On to the bike beside my porch
I'll spring, like falcon on its prey,
And Lucy, on her wheel shall "scorch,"
And "coast" with me the livelong day.

To make old women's marrow freeze
Is the best sport the bike has given.
To chase them as they puff and wheeze,
On rubber tyre—by Jove, 'tis heaven!

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.—Fog à la mode du potage des pois. Guys out of fashion in the streets, but discoverable in patients suffering from influenza. Doctors appear in all directions. Prescriptions made up for immediate use. Lord Mayor shows in the thoroughfares, and Prime Minister in Guildhall.

BAD JOKE FOR OCTOBER.—Commencement of the fifth-rate novel season.

ARTIST AND CRITIC.

McCranky. *Ars longa est!*
The O'Quiz. I see, my dear McCranky!
That why you make your ladies all so lanky?

INEVITABLE CHRISTMAS BILLS.—Those of the goose and turkey.



FATHER CHRISTMAS NOT UP-TO-DATE.

ENCORE VERSES TO THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(For the Year 1897, the 60th of Victoria's reign.)

God save our gracious Queen!
Sixty years' rule she's seen
As England's Queen.
Victoria, victorious!
Gentle as glorious!
Long still reign over us!
Our noblest Queen!

Should storms of war arise,
Grant that clear, cloudless skies
Still may be seen
Over her well-loved isle!
From foreign wrath or guile
Still may kind Heaven's smile
Guard our good Queen!

WOE ON THE WHEEL.

THERE was a "scorching" girl, who came
down an awful purr,
And scarified her nose, and scarred her
forehead.
She thought, when first she rode, biking
very, very good,
But now she considers it horrid!

BAD JOKE FOR NOVEMBER.—Triumph
(mental and physical) of fog.

BAD JOKE FOR DECEMBER.—The end of
the year.

NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.



I.—SUA QUIQUE VOLUPTAS. (EVERY ONE HAS HIS OWN PLEASURE.)



II.—NE PLUS ULTRA. (THE UTMOST POINT.)

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER IV.—On Choosing a Leader.

DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,—I suppose one of your earliest duties when you have taken your seat in the House of Commons will be to select a leader. I do not profess to be well up in information about the present degenerate House of Commons. From what I gather, I fancy you will not be embarrassed by lack of the commodity. Of course, a Penley will be guided by Principle, and you can serve only under a Tory.

I am told, that now my old friend Cavendish-Bentinck (not little Ben, but Big Ben) is dead, and Herbert Knatchbull-Hugessen (whom I knew in Eton jacket) has retired from the Parliamentary scene in disgust, there is only one Tory in the House. That is Mr. James Lowther, known to his friends as "Jemmy." Circumstances never favoured him with the opportunity of being presented to me, but, oddly enough, I have a copy of his portrait. It is a result of the process we used to call daguerreotype. The thing is now, I believe, known as a "photograph." Walking one day in Canterbury, I happened to see it in a shop window. I confess that at first I thought it was some dignitary of the Church, a canon, perchance a dean. There was about the countenance that reposeful, dignified, yet chastened expression we instinctively connect with the Church. It was only when I proposed to purchase the unpretentious work of art, that I was told that it was a portrait of the Right Hon. James Lowther, Member for one of the divisions of the county.

That, by the way. I merely mention it as showing how a certain personality struck me when, in ignorance of identity, I looked upon his portrait for the first time. From all I hear it was not a bad guess of mine. Circumstances have accidentally directed Mr. Lowther's steps into other paths. But he would have been more at home in a quiet deanery than amid the turmoil of political life.

In this connection there is another Member I should like you to know, though, of course, on quite other terms. It is Sir William Harcourt. His politics are atrocious, but his grandfather was an archbishop. He, too, one can imagine, might have risen to high estate had he followed in the steps of his father, sometime Canon of York. I admit it is probable, that had Sir William been a bishop, there would have been exceptional mortality amongst the curates of his diocese. But curates are constitutionally timorous.

However, that again is nothing to do with your associating yourself with a statesman of first rank in your Parliamentary relations. Mr. Lowther would be a safe guide, and is, I am given to understand, not undesirous of forming a party. During the last session his followers numbered only one. I forget whether it was Sir Albert Rollit or Sir Elias Bashmead-Artlett.

Your anxious aunt,
TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.
The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.—Children's school boxes in the halls. Holly, mistletoe, cards, game, crackers, annuals, almanacks, presents, toys, turkey, roast beef, mince pies and plum puddings in evidence everywhere. Weather seasonable and consequently suggestive (whatever it may be) of "a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."



AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

Rupert the Reckless Tompkins, a distinguished amateur from Town. "NOW, I CALL IT A BEASTLY SHAME, JENKINS; YOU HAVEN'T ORDERED THAT BRUTE OF YOURS OFF MY TONGUE, AND YOU KNOW I CAN'T GO BACK TO THE INN LIKE THIS!"



Mamma (finishing up a Lecture on deportment at Christmas festivities). "AND, DESMOND DEAR, DO REMEMBER THAT FINGERS WERE MADE BEFORE FORKS."
Desmond (anxious to be off, and considerably bored). "NOT MINE, MA!"



IN A NOVEMBER FOG.

Frenchman (just arrived on his first visit to London). "HA, HA! MY FRIEND, NOW I UNDERSTAND VOT YOU MEAN VOT YOU SAY ZE SUN NEVAIRE SET IN YOUR DOMINION, MA FOI! IT DOES NOT RISE!"

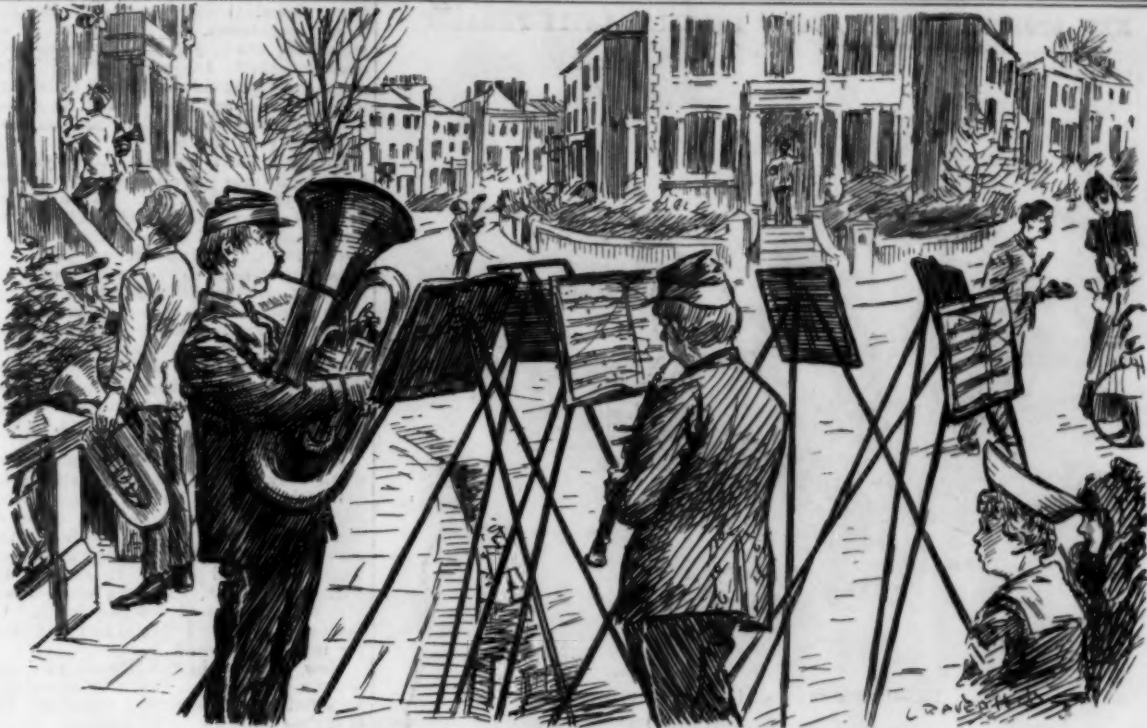
PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1897.



KNOCKED 'EM IN THE OLD GHENT ROAD.
(A Sketch in Belgium.)



Customer. "HAVE YOU GOT ANY GUINEA FOWLS?"
New Apprentice. "WELL, MUM, THEY GENERALLY RUN ABOUT FIVE-AN'-SIX—BUT (thinking he can do a good stroke of business) VERY GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU AT YOUR PRICE, MUM!"



THE ENTERPRISING TEUTON. (A Sketch in a London Suburb.)



THE PROBLEM.

Samuel. "MUVVER, DOES A HEN LAY AN EGG WHEN IT LIKES, OR MUST IT?"



GAME.

New Servant (to Cook). "OH NO, YOU DON'T! IT MAY BE MY FIRST PLACE, BUT YOU DON'T MAKE A FOOL OF ME, STICKING THEM FEATHERS INTO THE BIRD, AN' EXPECTING ME TO TAKE IT UPSTAIRS JUST TO BE LAUGHED AT!"

NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.



III.—LOCUM TENENS. (A SUBSTITUTE.)



IV.—OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE. (RETIREMENT WITH DIGNITY.)

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER V.—Some General Axioms.

MY DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,—I confess I spent a wretched night thinking of the temptation that will soon surround my

dear brother's only child. Isn't there a man in the House of Commons called John Burns? He may have been christened John, but I think that I have heard that he was nicknamed Burns, because, when apprenticed to a palliase manufacturer, he set fire to the straw and burnt the

house down. I may be wrong. But that is my impression. I am sure there was something about a palliase; or was it a door-knocker? Anyhow, he's a demagogue, and I would not trust a demagogue with a box of matches, even if, in accordance with maudlin modern fashion, they strike only on the box.

I do not, for a moment, fancy you will be brought into personal contact with this person, or any like him. Thank Heaven you will always vote in the other lobby. Even that, when I come to think of it, is not certain. Statesmen, as your dear grandfather used to say, must work with any tools that come to hand. I can conceive circumstances or tactics in which so astute a Parliamentary Hand as Mr. James Lowther might have to form temporary alliances with all kinds of sections. For your own part, dear Charles, let them be strictly temporary, and go straight home as soon as the House is up, or even before.

In your dear grandfather's time, except when they were passing the Catholic Relief Bill, or wrangling over the Reform Bill, Members, as I have said, dined decently at home. Now, I believe, they never adjourn till midnight, and sometimes sit up all night. In case of late sittings—at least, to begin with—I wish Mr. Lowther would see you home. Under such guidance I should feel no anxiety for my dear nephew.

Now you are in the House you must make a mark in it. Begin by scorning to be satisfied with anything below the rank of Prime Minister, and you may rise to the status of Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Above all things, don't be

An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and State affairs.

I'll wager you don't know where that couplet comes from? No. The present generation does not read Hudibras. You'll find the lines there, and also this description of a bore of the Rump Parliament whom Charles the Second, of blessed memory, kicked out of Westminster:

Still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
With volleys of eternal babble
And clamour more unanswerable.

It appears that, with the possible exceptions of the Parliaments in which your dear grandfather sat, the House of Commons has been pretty much the same from the Commonwealth to the present day. I hope my only nephew will do something to raise its status, bringing it nearer to its glorious position before it was tainted with the brush of Free Trade, Reform, Disestablishment, and the other plagues that have fallen upon the country—I won't say because of, or as a punishment for, but certainly subsequent to, the effacement of your dear grandfather from the Parliamentary arena, and the destruction of a faithful constituency that was ready to share his last guinea.

Your affectionate aunt,
TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.
The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

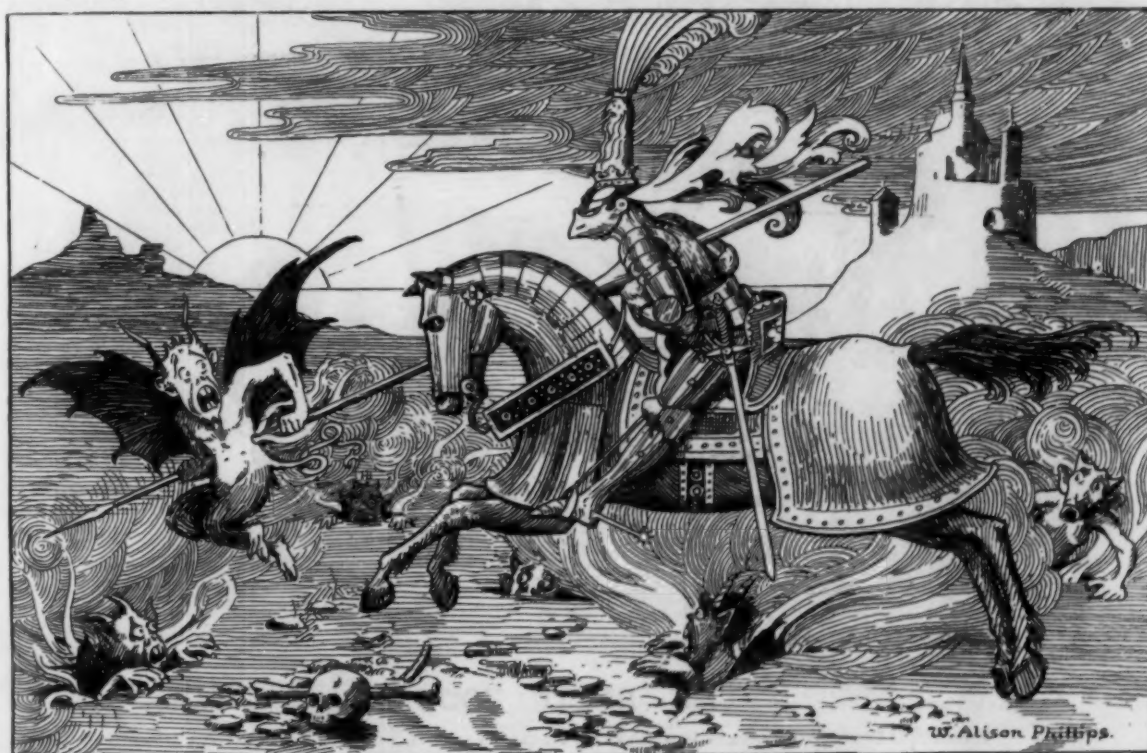
P.S.—I hear the very best things of Toby, M.P., who sits for Barks, a most respectable county. A model husband, a kind father, a good citizen. You might do worse than cultivate his acquaintance.

A REASONABLE DIPLOMATIST.—Mr. Christman is Consul-General for Servia. Could he not settle matters satisfactorily with Turkey?



AMATEUR TABLEAUX VIVANTS.—No. II.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE REPRESENTATION OF "CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT" WAS UNFORTUNATELY MARRED BY AN ACCIDENT TO THE CURTAIN, WHICH SUDDENLY SLIPPED AND RESTED ON THE HEAD OF POOF CAPTAIN SNIFFLEY (OF THE VOLUNTEERS). THIS WAS THE MORE TO BE REGRETTED AS HE WAS IN HOPES OF MISS TOOTLES LOOKING FAVOURABLY ON HIS SUIT



A MEDIEVAL SPORT. (Design for Goblin Tapestry.)



THE FIRST FOOT.

ENTER MR. PUNCH, WHO WISHES EVERYONE "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

"The first foot in a house brings good or ill-luck for the year."—*Old Belief.*

BONUS YEAR, 1897.
NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

FOR
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.
 PROFITS ALREADY DIVIDED, £4,600,000.
 All now assuring will participate in the next
 Division as at 30th November, 1897.
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ACCIDENTS OF TRAVEL
ACCIDENTS Riding, Driving,
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ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS

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CHAPPED HANDS



MARRIS'S ALMOND TABLETS
 Will improve the appearance of the hands and skin, however neglected they may have been. Of all Perfumers and Chemists.
 Proprietors—R. NOVENDEN & SONS,
 30-33, BERNERS STREET, W., and 91-93, CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

A TOILET POWDER
 FOR THE COMPLEXION,
 ALSO FOR The NURSERY,
 ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN,
 AFTER SHAVING &c.

POUDRE D'AMOUR
 Prepared by PICARD FRERES, Parfumeurs.
 Hygienic and prepared with pure and harmless materials.
 Price 1s. In three tints—Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel.
 To be had of Chemists, Perfumers, &c.
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CHRISTMAS.

Parisien Nobelties
 IN
 FANCY BOXES, BASKETS,
 BONBONNIÈRES, &c.
 MARQUIS CHOCOLATES,
 BON BONS & COSSAQUES.

ALSO
 PÂTÉ DE FOIES
 GRAS EN CROÛTE.
 SPANISH HAMS.
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"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
 WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the poison from the blood and bones. Thousands of testimonials. In bottles 2s. 6d. and 12s. each, of all Chemists.
 The Lincoln & Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln.
 Trade Mark—BLOOD MIXTURE.
 Beware of Spurious Imitations.

LIQUEUR OF THE
GDE. CHARTREUSE

This delicious Liqueur, which has come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the Kingdom, and at a considerably less price than formerly. *Sole Consignee—*

W. DOYLE,
 35, CRUTCHED FRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

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KING OF LIQUEURS.
 LONDON AGENT:
EGIDIO VITALI,
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SAVORY and MOORE'S
BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES. Tins, 1s., 2s., 6s., and 10s., everywhere.

GOOD FOOD MEANS GOOD HEALTH!

The secret of health, especially in the changeable weather of our winter, is good nourishing food, hence the value of a reliable article like

LIEBIG "COMPANY'S" EXTRACT

Highly concentrated and undiluted with water, it is by far the cheapest, as well as the best, for

BEEF TEA.

But it is also quite as indispensable in the kitchen, for light, nourishing and easily digested dishes are

A NECESSITY

to health, and the "Company's" Extract is just what is wanted to impart these qualities to our food. It is, therefore, invaluable in sickness, the most economical for general use, and essential

in **MODERN COOKERY.**



IN THIS LIFE'S FITFUL DREAM!

'TRUE GREATNESS HAS LITTLE, IF ANYTHING, TO DO WITH RANK OR POWER.'
THE BEST OF US IS JUST A SENTRY AT HIS POST. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S.

LIGHT WHEN THOU ELSE WERT BLIND!

STRENGTH WHEN LIFE'S SURGES RUDEST ROLL.

There are three Lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

HAVE HOPE. Though clouds environ now,
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No Night but hath its Morn.

HAVE FAITH. Where'er thy bark is
driven—
The Calm's disport, the Tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the Host of Heaven.

HAVE LOVE. Not Love alone for one.
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling Sun,
Thy Charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Faith, Hope, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.—SCHILLER.

A GREAT HEART AND A LITTLE HOUSE!

'HAPPY IS THE MAN WHO SOWS THE GOOD AND TRUE:
THE HARVEST WILL NOT FAIL HIM!'

Absolute veracity is more needed now than at any former period of our history. That of which our age stands most in need is a man able to gratify every just desire, and yet to be contented with a little. 'A great heart in a little house,' says Lacordaire, 'is of all things here below that which has ever touched me most. Happy is the man who sows the good and true: the harvest will not fail him!'

Here is a fine specimen of Honesty and Truthfulness. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre has told the story in his "Etudes de la Nature." He was serving as an engineer under the Count de Saint-Germain during his campaign in Hesse, in 1760. For the first time he became familiar with the horrors of war. Day by day he passed through sacked villages and devastated fields and farmyards. Men, women, and children were flying from their cottages in tears. Armed men were everywhere destroying the fruits of their labour, regarding it as part of their glory. But in the midst of so many acts of cruelty, Saint Pierre was consoled by a sublime trait of character displayed by a poor man, whose cottage and farm lay in the way of the advancing army.

A captain of dragoons was ordered out with his troop to forage for provisions. They reached a poor cabin, and knocked at the door. An old man with a white beard appeared. "Take me to a field," said the officer,

"where I can obtain forage for my troops." "Immediately, Sir," replied the old man. He put himself at their head, and ascended the valley. After half-an-hour's march a fine field of barley appeared. "This will do admirably," said the officer. "No," said the old man; "wait a little, and all will be right." They went on again until they reached another barley-field. The troops dismounted, mowed down the grain, and, trussing it up in bundles, put them on their horses. "Friend," said the officer, "how is it that you have brought us so far? The first field of barley that we saw was quite as good as this." "That is quite true," said the peasant, "but it was not mine."—SMILES.

THE MORAL:

It takes ONE talent to make money, TWO to keep it, but HOW MANY TO USE IT? as that poor peasant did in his hour of great trial. SUCH A CHARACTER should command the ADMIRATION



The Christmas Carol.

'THE DRYING UP A SINGLE TEAR HAS MORE OF HONEST FAME THAN SHEDDING SEAS OF GORE.'—BYRON.

of the WORLD for Honesty of Purpose, because HONESTY of PURPOSE is above the WORLD.

'And such is Human Life; so gliding on, It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—

"From the days of Naaman the Syrian to the present time the simplicity of a remedy often militates against its acceptability in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the host of the King of Syria rebelled at the injunction 'Wash and be clean,' so the dyspeptic of to-day, in only too many instances, treats with ungrounded contempt a curative agent at once so natural and efficacious as ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' And this in the face of evidences of its value as numerous as they are unimpeachable. In this particular case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno, whose name is more prominently connected with saline preparations than any other manufacturer, may rightly claim to have generally educated the public mind up to an approximately appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been a Herculean one, demanding not only an almost heroic amount of strength and courage, but also an infinite measure of wit and originality that have scarcely met with the recognition so justly their due. Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefited very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famous 'FRUIT SALT.' It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its

cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records. In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however arduously won or freshly gathered; and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics, the bon-vivant no less than the man to whom the recommendation, 'Eat and be merry,' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous."—European Mail.

THE GREAT DANGER OF CHILLS, FEVERS, WORRY, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by NATURAL MEANS; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS, the FOUNDATION and GREAT DANGER OF CHILLS, FEVERS, WORRY, BLOOD POISONS, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED A SEVERE ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is in fact NATURE'S OWN Remedy, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.